

W. H. 1701

An Efsay upon Marriage in a
Letter adrefs'd to a

F R I E N D

Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Poem, sincerely protests 'twas never meant to Disoblige the Virtuous, and Best Natur'd of the Fair Sex, of Whom he believes, there's a competent number in the World.

He onlie Design'd to Oblige his Friend, who Earnestlie Solicited him to deliver his Fast Thoughts on this Argument; And if at the same time, he hath hap'd to Expose the Follies and Hypocrisie of those who onlie pretend to that Bright Character, He thinks there's no great Harm done. And is onlie sorrie, that what He sayes is from Experience verie well pai'd for; In which, if the World won't do Him the Justice to believe Him, as Poet; He hopes, they will as a Gentleman.

Dear FRIEND,

TIS talk'd which I scarce can think true,
Of One so Fam'd for Wit, and Sense as you;
That you're resolv'd in spite of Reason's force,
To have a Wife, for Better and for Worse.
You haste to Town, and are upon the wing,
To wed *Bellinda*, that Fine Tawdris thing.
But, Sir, take heed, you've somewhat here to loose,
Before you rashly hamper i'the Noose.
You'd best advise what Life you mean to lead
Er'e yet you've took the Swen to your bed;
How like you Fetters, Sir, and Chains for Life?
To all the Pride and Clamours of a Wife?
Who dares to give you, if ye put her to't
A Courtain Lecture, with a Kick to boot?
But your, fine Miss, you say, is none of these
An' O what! Golden Dayes do you propose?
She's Pious, Modest, Vertuous, Chaste, Gentile
Gra'e Mercy, Sir, if so, 'tis very well:
But how the D---- made you thus so wise?
As to be certain, this is no Disguise,

Are you so read in Women ; that you dare,
Pretend to make Discovery what They are ?

Thro' all their Artifices closely set,
For catching *Cullies* when they mean to cheat ;
They're *Cullies* all, who fondly thus admire
The Trifling Paltry Sex.

By this perhaps you'll think me too severe,

Upon your Charming *Phillis*, But I fear ;
E're six months end, you'll have another sense
Of what you now term rude impertinence ;

Women are riddles, known but to a few,

Who close search, and more intensive view
Their Inmost Natures with Impartial Eye ;

And are not Brib'd by Loves Cajollorie.
How many things will She pretend and say,

That you, nor she, must only have the sway ;

That tho' you are her Humble Servant new,

She must when-ty'd, change stations strait with you

In all things she'll obey, nor must she owe

Another Lord, besides your self alone,

ch Tales, Sir, makes you Eager to possess,

A Life whose Mischiefs you can ne're Redress

Tho' now you're bigg with fanci'd Happiness ,

You had some Reason, here I must allow,

If what she now pretends, she mean't for true,
Believe me, Sir 'Tis none of her Designe

She must Command, when once she calls you mine
Since wheedling *Ev'e*, yet never Woman was,
Who did not think to make her Husband *Ase*;
Glencarvics Man, or some such useful Tool,

And often times a Cuckald or a Fool.
But if you're own good Fortune you intend

You'll once consider with Me as a Friend,
And if you wou'd not think, and judge by ha'ves }
You'll then thro' off these chains which thus bereaves }
Men of their Sense, and make 'em Womens Slaves }

And state your self, as an unbayal'd Man.

Then muster all the Reasons that you can
I'll then lay down my Sense oppos'd to yours;

And thus let's enter into grave Discourse,

Upon this Weightry Point :

Then pray consider some few Ills which Fate

Path link't inseparably to Married State

The loss of Children, thousand anxious Cares

How to provide them All, perplexing Fears

And Matrimoniall Musick, grates your Ears ;

The Nurses Caterwaul'ing . Bawling Titts

Enuff to fright a Man out of his Wits

Besides the jangling of the Female Crew

These things I take it, Friend don't suite with you
Your Temper's pleasant, Merry, and Jocular :

If her's be Freakish, Chagrin, or Merose
 And apt to jealousy, pray till you be sick;
 But you'd as well take up with good old Dick
 As thus to live in such confounded strife:

With One who'll act, the sly more than wife;
 When she puts on some Dull and Surly Mood
 Looks very Staunch, imperiously and proud
 That wou'd you think if then you had a Mind
 To pay a Husbands Duty, and be kind,
 To be Debar'd tho' n're so much Inclined
 Until she find A Gusto for the Sport,
 Has ta'en the fit, and is disposed for't.

You must not think she'll minde your case since now,

'Tis her self, She means to please not you;
 Such things you'll say provock to quite the Road,
 Where ever where, your hedg'd, and peep Abroad,
 For some on whom you may discharge the Load;

But, Sir, tho' here's a Burden more Severe,
 Than We or Our fore-Fathers er'e Cou'd bear;

Yet must you be Content to be Refus'd,
 By one so far beneath you thus Abus'd.

For should you urge too much your'e Strait Dispis'd?
 Kick't off with Scorn, and Basely Tantaliz'd?

Was ever Mortal Wight yet more Accurst?
 Nor can you help't, tho' both your C----s shou'd Burst:
 And rho' such Instances, you say are Rare,

Yet you your self have known that such there are,
Who

no Scorn, unless they please T'oblige so much,

Yet know no Bounds, when once they'd have a Touch
Such are the Fruits of Marriage, Sir, a Wife

You must take care to please, and Shun such Strife;
As will hereafter all Contentment pall,

Unless you mean to part for Good and all.
But if she think you cannot keep at home,

And only fancy, you Dispos'd to Roame,
Tho' there be nought, by which she thus can Guess,

Yet true or false, to her 'tis all a Case,
For if of Jealousie, she's once possess'd,

'Twill ne're depart from her infected Breast;
Each day she'l watch you with a Thousand Spies.

When these give out, she'l order fresh Supplies,
And wheresoe're ye go, she Dog's ye with her Eyes;

Till by such Treatment your'e provock't at last
Of the Forbidden Fruit to take a Taste;

For having none, Since she found Cause before,

Your'e justly now provockt to give her more;
For nought Suits worse with Men, then harsh Restraint.

They fancy't Hell to be thus closely Pen't
But tho' such things you now have quire forbore,

And she to Pardon all Devotly Swore.
Her Oaths and Vows I value not a Pinn,

Nought can Atone the Impardonable Sin,
When once Dire Jealousie begins to Stur,

A Nod, a Word, a Look's Enuff for her,

For all your hop'd for Calmness yet prepare,

And Arm your self for Everlasting War;

Dread *Scilla's* Waves 'tis Safer to Engage,

And Trust a Storms, then her Destructive Rage.

Not Waves Contending with the Bowsterous wind,

Threaten so Loud us her Tempetuous Mind;

For Seas Grow Calm and Rageing Storms Abate,

But most Implacable's a Womans Hate,

Like some Black Threatning Cloud she'l still Discharge,

Scolding like Pealls of Thunder in your Ears,

Till with the Hellish Jargon your'e so Stunn'd,

In vain you'l wish, you had for ever shun'd.

This Cursed Leaky kind, and on you go,

Wreaking your Spite on all the Babling Crew,

Curfing the Priest that Ty'd the fatal Knor,

And that Black day, that made a Wife your Lot;

Th' Eternal Clack of whose Loud Bauling Tongue,

Will make you Pray you had that Minute Hung;

Which first Betrayed you to her Treacherous Charms;

And thus Engaged you in World of Harms.

But what are these say you, a puny word,

Is far below a Gentlemans Regard.

But to be Cheated, Bang'd, Divore't that's more:

Why never Woman us'd Man so before.

And if you Wa'n't my friend, I'de say 'twere false

But Sir, 'tis very true ask F... s Else,

Who lately to his Cost hath found it so;

] And

(9)
And Swear that Mischief ne're was hatch'd below,
Which, once provock't, a Woman dar's not do.
By fraud she'll seize your Fortune, then Trapane
You out of All; And bid you Starve or Hang;
Regardless of your Honour, Fame or State
Contrives all Wayes to make You Desperate!
This cur'st *Aletto*, Scorns yet to give o're
Till sublimared Spit, can think no more.
This Finish'd Woman, throughout Hell Renown'd,
Is most her self, when most with Mischief Crown'd
But, if your Spouse shou'd prove a Miss of Game,
Which Seldom fails since all the kind are Tame.
When Handsomely Attackt she'l Change her Course,
And with her female Craft Alay the force;
Of your Inrag'd, and yet too easie Mind,
And seem to be Superlatively kind
A thousand Wylie Tricks she'l use, and Spare,
No Oaths, to make you think that you're her Dear;
With strange prodigious flatteries you Carels,
And seem Transported with your Loath'd Embraces
If yet such Wheedles Can't gain her Intent,
She'l then put on Religion; Act the Saint.
O how Demurlie will she Sigh and Pray,
Lyke Pennanc'd Cordelier, on holy Day.
Then Loudly Raill at all the Ogling Beaus
Who strive to Lead poor Women by the Nose }
Till they've suck't in the satall Poisonous Dose.

C

Which

Which when but got they're Blindly Hurried on,
Till they too late perceive themselves undone
Then lift her hand with an Affected sigh,
And Swear she'd chuse a Thousand times to dye
Then once to break the Sacred Marriage tie
In short, all ways of treachery she'll pursue
That may Conceal her Amorous Thifts from you
And Bubble you into a fond Belief;
That she's a Virtuous, Chaste and Honest Wife;
She may be so, but Faith 'tistwofor one
That when you thus Believe you're in the wrong.
Well, She's a Wife, Good Natur'd, Chaste, and Fair,
Or Else 'tis hard if no such things there are;
Then Sir, I'll tell you what I'de have you do,
You'd best Expose her to the wondring Crew,
Like *Affrick* Monsters for a Rarishow.
For I cou'd hold a Guinea to a Crown,
You shan't find a dozen such in Town.
'Twere Endless, Sir, to tell the Numerous Tricks,
Peculiar to this fine Bewitching Sex.
Let it suffice at present that you know,
To Shun these Rocks that must Creat your Woe;
If you be think not well, and think agen,
Before you enter on the Tragick Scene.
But you intent on Wiving strait Reply,
Dare you Blaspheme the Mighty Mystery;
Of Sacred Wedlock, first by Heaven Design'd
for Propogation of belov'd Mankind
Since such a Mighty Boon to him was given,

While he Remain'd great favorite of Heav'n;
Nought I the whole Creation beside,
Might give Content to Adam save his Bride;
Of all the Creatures on Earth's Theatre,
for God-like Beauty, none Compar'd to her;
Whom when the Ravish'd Prince had once Espy'd,
Clasping her Round, best part of me, he Cry'd;
Enjoy the whole world's vast Empire with me,
for thy Dear sake, I forefite all my Libertie.
He Clings, she Clip's him to her Amorous Breast;
Dearest said he, Lets here Suppinely rest;
Let's here Enjoy each other without Controul;
I Cou'd in thee infuse my very Soul;
This Tyrranous Pleasure Damps all other blifs,
I'll even my Eden Gladly quite for this,
For this, what you impose, I can't recall.
Tho' it cost me my GOD, my Heaven, and All!
Thus spoke the Prince with utmost transport driv'n,
While he posselt the Greatest gift of Heaven
Hold, Sir, At once you've said Enuff I'm sure
Upon this Banefull Primitive Amour,
Enuff I think indeed to Tame the World,
Was not the Uxorious Wretch from Par'dice hurl'd?
And justly by his Great Creator curst;
'Cause thus from Best he had bow'd down to worst,
Since which sad Doom poor Man hath tamely bore
To be a Drudge, where he was Lord before.

Cruel

Cruel, Reverse! What cursed bargain's this?

To truck a mighty Kingdom for a kiss

A Kingdom of such vast stupendious Bliss:

O' this great Bliss the fool's himself divest,

By fondly Lolling on a VVomans breast;

O' this he all's vast progeny must Rob,

for joy of such a Carnal Nasty Job;

VVhich he might had at a far meaner price,

Had he but known himself, and had been wife,

Inglorious Man is now restor'd, its true;

But what, pray Sir, does all this make for you?

Sure from th' extent of the Almighty's Grace,

Your Arguments for Marriage have no place:

Marriage was meant for Earth's poor drudging slaves:

To furnish fresh Supplies for Age and Graves,

Grace is dispenc'd upon a Nobler Score

That Man his great Creator might adore,

And ne're to mind that Toy a woman more:

But Rebell Man on this false thing must doat,

Tho' he and all he's worth shou'd go to pot,

From whence 'tis plain that what was Mens first bliss

Is now turn'd to his VVreck and greater Curse:

Since when, no Villanie ere was acted here,

In which curst Woman has not bore a share:

But we must wed, or else the VVorld must dye,

And so you argue for necessity,

Or Chain of second Causes, than say I:

From

From such like Topicks you defend all VVars,

Unjustest Broils, and Bloodiest Massacres:

And whatsoe're else by Heavens just Decree,

Serves but to lop the Worlds Luxuriance;

At present, Sir, 'tis none of my intent

Thus to engage you in so nice a point:

As Providence, or the Divine Decree,

In this one thing; yet hope you will agree

The Marriage be of necessary use;

Yet your particular Case pleads no excuse;

Since you're endu'd with Parts, and Manly Sense,

To all that's fine, you justly have pretence,

Why in the name of madness then wou'd you

To that false silly Thing, a Woman bow?

And for a fond imaginary Joy,

All that's true Happiness at once destroy:

Let poor dull thoughtless Fops themselves bes fool;

And by the duller name of Husband Rule:

Like Badlam Kings with painted Scepters sway,

And jancy to themselves a Monarchy

Yet to their Sovereign Dames all homage pay

Let such tame Fools be wretchedly confin'd,

To truckle to the pride of Woman kind

While wiser you, Lord of your self remain:

And the Vile Servile Yoak, with scorn Disdain.

F I N I S.

8. 77th Bombardment Group, 11th Air Force

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